

NEWS TO DATE IN PARAGRAPHS

CAUGHT FROM THE NETWORK OF
WIRES ROUND ABOUT
THE WORLD.

DURING THE PAST WEEK

A RECORD OF IMPORTANT EVENTS
CONDENSED FOR BUSY
PEOPLE.

WESTERN NEWS.

Reports of serious damage to the wheat crop of Argentina by locusts caused a sharp bulge in wheat prices at Chicago.

Right Rev. William George McCloskey, bishop of Louisville, Ky., and the oldest living prelate in the United States, died, aged eighty-five years.

The 26,000-ton battleship to be built by the New York Shipbuilding company will be known as the Arkansas, and that by William Cramps Sons & Company as the Wyoming. The contracts for these ships were let several days ago.

Attempting the part of peacemaker between W. O. Terry and John Shannon at Tyrone, N. M., a Grant county mining camp, Thomas Burch received two bullets and died soon after. Terry, who fired the fatal shots, is in jail at Silver City.

Four men were drowned at Cordova, Alaska, when a small boat, containing a party of five descending from the mine of George Esterly on the Nazina river, was swamped. The only one to escape drowning was Hamelin Andrus, son of Congressman John E. Andrus of Yonkers, N. Y. The lost men were James Hinto, Robert Furst, Benjamin Mullendorf and David Piper.

The Standard Oil Company has a deal pending which is recognized by financial interests as the beginning of a movement to gain control of the entire country's production of natural gas. This deal, which will go through within a short time, will give to the Standard Oil Company entire ownership of the Reserve Gas Company, which controls the gas output of West Virginia.

The biggest gold stampede in Alaska since the Tanana rush in 1903, is now in full swing to the creeks of the Iditarod, a tributary of the Innoko river, 150 miles from Fairbanks. Thousands of persons have gone to the Iditarod during the summer. Nowhere are the new gold fields deeper than twenty feet, and every man has a chance to make a stake, there being a wide extent of gold bearing country.

General sorrow is felt in railroad circles at the news that Frank D. Brown, local treasurer of the Union Pacific Railway Company, at Omaha, had died Monday night from an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Brown was well known among railroad men, and also among a great many other people of social and financial prominence. He had been an employee of the Union Pacific for the past forty years and made frequent visits to this territory.

Important changes are impending in the method of handling the advisory rating bureaus in the various western states. Considerable dissatisfaction developed under the arrangement now in force and recently the Continental issued notices that it would at once retire from any state rating bureau which completed the proposed leases. Several prominent union companies had also declared themselves as ready to refuse co-operation, fearing that the plan might be attacked by some of the states, and it has been decided to abandon it.

GENERAL NEWS.

Miss Sarah Lathrop Herrshoff, the nineteen-year-old daughter of J. B. Francis Herrshoff, a younger member of the celebrated Herrshoff family of Rhode Island, and a millionaire, visited the city hall in New York, with her fiancé, Signor Luigi Masnaba of Bergamo, Italy, a former jockey both in America and abroad, who obtained a license permitting them to be married.

There was issued by the English Board of Education recently a syllabus respecting physical exercises in elementary schools which is receiving the warmest commendations from British educationalists. This syllabus is regarded as a measure constituting the first official recognition in this country of the fact that it is not only the mind, but also the body, of the child that requires development in a system of national education. Old-time pedagogues might hold up their hands in horror at the role which the board of education now assigns to the schoolmaster, who is expected to bestow as much attention on the care of his pupils' bodies as on the training of their intelligence.

Lord Tweedmouth, former lord president of the Council, is reported to be dying at London.

The gross earnings of the railroads of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1909, were \$2,437,385,841, according to the figures compiled by the bureau of railway news and statistics from the monthly reports of the interstate commerce commission as given out at Chicago. The operating expenses were \$1,611,927,766; taxes, \$55,961,475, and net operating income, \$769,496,600.

With plain cord wood as fuel, the wall sided, scow shaped, stovepipe funneled craft in which Robert Fulton first navigated the waters of the Hudson river under steam propulsion 192 years ago, came to life again recently when the reconstructed Clermont, built for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, had her official speed trial from Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, to Robbins' reef light.

The Interstate Commerce Commission received the complaint of the Colorado Coal Traffic Association of Denver against the Colorado & Southern, Denver & Rio Grande and Rock Island railroad companies in which it is alleged that their carload rates on coal from the Walsenburg district, Colorado, to Omaha and Lincoln, Neb., and common points, is unreasonable and excessive.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

Dora Wilson was appointed postmaster at Higbee, Colorado, vice F. Warren.

W. N. Reynolds of Boulder has been appointed civil engineer in the Department of Agriculture.

Treasurer Charles H. Treat has resigned, to take effect in October. No successor has been chosen so far as known.

The Senate finance committee at Washington has maintained in the tariff bill the rates on collars and cuffs provided in the present law.

Secretary Ballinger emphatically denies that he intends to resign. Ballinger is confined to his room on account of throat trouble.

Shipbuilders in this country will hereafter be allowed to build their ships from foreign materials imported free. This will enable our shipyards to enter into competition with the world in making battleships and other vessels.

The application of J. W. Caudill, Oscar Thompson, R. Wright, R. F. Love and A. J. Scaff to organize the First National Bank of Lovington, N. M., with \$25,000 capital, has been approved by the comptroller of the currency.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has issued an order providing that hereafter no bond shall be accepted from any surety company which shall cost more than thirty-five per cent. in excess of the rate of premium charged for a like bond in 1908.

Secretary of the Interior Ballinger having given his clean bill of health by President Taft in regard to the Cunningham coal entry leases and conservation policies in general, will proceed to the long-promised overhauling of the Reclamation Service.

The fee for registration of mail will be increased from 8 to 10 cents after November 1, 1909, according to an order signed by Postmaster General Hitchcock. The maximum indemnity allowed for loss of registered articles has also been increased from \$25 to \$50 by the order.

The postoffices at Arvada, Goldfield and Yuma, Colorado, have been advanced from fourth class to presidential grade, and the salaries of the postmasters fixed, respectively, at \$1,000, \$1,100 and \$1,200. Taos, New Mexico, is advanced and the salary is fixed at \$1,000.

Theodore Roosevelt, hunting in the Myeru district, has killed a bull elephant with good tusks. Kermit Roosevelt has been hunting independently at Guano Nyiro and has been successful, bagging five lions and three buffalo. He has now started out elephant hunting. Mr. Roosevelt will move on to Guano Nyiro to join his son as soon as the skin of his bull elephant has been preserved.

Additional appointments of census supervisors by President Taft were announced by Census Director Durand. Herbert J. Baird, a lawyer, has been selected as supervisor for the Second Colorado district. He has had previous experience in census work. The Third Colorado district will be under the direction of Charles F. Hamlin of Salida, Colorado, registrar of the United States land office at his home.

Not until Congress acts can the interior Department redeem the \$300,000 worth of outstanding co-operative certificates issued by Reclamation Service to settlers who have aided in construction of government irrigation projects. This was brought out in the President's letter to Secretary Ballinger. Twice has the attorney general held that issuing these certificates is contrary to law. In view of that fact Treasury Department will not approve payments to settlers holding such certificates. It will be put up to Congress next winter to validate all outstanding certificates so they can be redeemed in cash.

So widespread has interest in the strange malady, pellagra, become among medical authorities, that Surgeon General Wyman of the public health and marine hospital service has decided to issue a weekly bulletin dealing exclusively to developments of the disease. While declining to go on record that pellagra is not communicable, Surgeon General Wyman declared that he had observed nothing in the disease to show that it is a contagious one. The opinion among the medical authorities in Italy, where the disease has existed for a long time, Dr. Wyman stated, is that it is non-contagious.

According to Judge S. H. Cowan of Fort Worth, Texas, attorney for the National Live Stock Association and the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, the country is confronted with unheard of prices for beef this winter. Judge Cowan says the cost of living will show continued increase next winter and points out that the cattle market is now short a million head of cattle. "The price of beef," said he, "will increase the coming winter to a point now unheard of, for the demand is much greater than the supply."

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Leslie, shunned on the boat, because of her roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scorned by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake.

"To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrop.

"I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go through here without your coat."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?"

"I put it in one of the pockets."

"It'll do to tie up your hair."

Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair.

Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief before he began to force a way through the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. Though he held to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside the thorns pierced her delicate skin until her hands were covered with blood. Nor did Winthrop, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face.

Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, though his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrop, "a banyan!"

"Banyan? Well, if that's British for a daisy, you've hit it," responded Blake. "Just take a squint up here. How's that for a roost?"

Winthrop and Miss Leslie stared up dubiously at the edge of a bed of reeds gathered in the hollow of one of the huge flattened branches at its junction with the main trunk of the banyan, 20 feet above them.

"Will not the mosquitoes pester us here among the trees?" objected Winthrop.

"Storm must have blown 'em away. I haven't seen any yet."

"There will be millions after sunset."

"Maybe; but I bet they keep below our roost."

"But how are we to get up so high?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"I can swarm this drop root, and I've a creeper ready for you two," explained Blake.

Swiftness action to words, he climbed up the small trunk of the air root and swung over into the hollow where he had piled the reeds. Across the broad limb dangled a rope-like creeper, one end of which he had fastened to a branch higher up. He flung down the free end to Winthrop.

"Look lively, Pat," he called. "The sun's most gone, and twilight don't last all night in these parts. Get the line around Miss Leslie, and do what you can on a boost."

"I see; but, you know, the vine is too stiff to tie."

Blake stifled an oath and jerked the end of the creeper up into his hand. When he threw it down again it was looped around and fastened in a bow-line knot.

"Now, Miss Leslie, get aboard and we'll have you up in a jiffy," he said.

"Are you sure you can lift me?" asked the girl, as Winthrop slipped the loop over her shoulders.

Blake laughed down at them. "Well, I guess yes! Once hoisted a fellow out of a 50-foot prospect hole—big fat Dutchman at that. You don't weigh over 120."

He had stretched out across the broad part of the branch. As Miss Leslie seated herself in the loop he reached down and began to haul up on the creeper, hand over hand. Though frightened by the novel manner of ascent the girl clung tightly to the line above her head, and Blake had no difficulty in raising her until she swung directly beneath him. Here, however, he found himself in a quandary. The girl seemed as helpless as a child, and he was lying flat. How could he lift her above the level of the branch?

"Take hold the other line," he said. The girl hesitated. "Do you hear? Grab it quick, and pull up hard if you don't want a tumble!"

The girl seized the part of the creeper which was fastened above and drew herself up with convulsive energy. Instantly Blake rose to his knees, and grasping the taut creeper



"It's Only a Beast That's Killed Something Down Below."

with one hand reached down with the other to swing the girl up beside him on the branch.

"All right, Miss Jenny," he reassured her as he felt her tremble. "Sorry to scare you, but I couldn't have made it without. Now, if you'll just hold down my legs we'll soon hoist his luddish."

He had seated her in the broadest part of the shallow hollow, where the branch joined the main trunk of the fig. Heaped with the reeds which he had gathered during the afternoon it made such a cozy shelter that she at once forgot her dizziness and fright. Nestling among the reeds, she leaned over and pressed down on his ankles with all her strength.

The loose end of the creeper had fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch and Winthrop was already slipping into the loop. Blake ordered him to take it off and send up the club. As the creeper was again flung down a black shadow swept over the jungle.

"Hello! Sunset!" called Blake.

"Look sharp, there!"

"All ready," responded Winthrop.

Blake drew in a full breath, and began to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrop weighed 30 or 40 pounds more than Miss Leslie. But as the Englishman came within reach of the descending loop he grasped it and did what he could to ease Blake's efforts. A few moments found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him. Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake granted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the branch.

"You may do, after all," he said. "At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that?"

"What?"

"Lion, I guess—Not that yelping. Listen!"

The brief twilight was already fading into the darkness of a moonless night, and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nature of their surroundings. With the gathering night the jungle awakened into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving through the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of beasts of prey.

After some contention with Winthrop, Blake conceded that the roars of his lion might be nothing worse than the snorting of the hippopotami as they came out to browse for the night. In this, however, there was small comfort, since Winthrop presently reasserted his belief in the climbing ability of leopards, and expressed his opinion that, whether or not there were lions in the neighborhood, certain of the barking roars they could hear came from the throats of the spotted climbers. Even Blake's hair bristled as his imagination pictured one of the great cats creeping



"The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrop. "We'll soon be able to see the brute."

"And he us," rejoined Blake.

In this both were mistaken. During the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground. The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a dense white fog.

"So they have that here!" muttered Blake—"fever-fog!"

"Boastly shame!" echoed Winthrop. "I'm sure the creature has gone off."

This assertion was met by an outburst of snarls and yells that made all start back and crouch down again in their sheltering hollow. As before Blake was the first to recover.

"Bet you're right," he said. "The big one has gone off, and a pack of these African coyotes are having a scrap over the bones."

"You mean jackals. It sounds like the nasty beasts."

"If it wasn't for that fog I'd go down and get our share of the game."

"Would it not be very dangerous, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What a fearful noise!"

"I've chased coyotes off a calf with a rope; but that's not the proposition. You don't find me fooling around in that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost right where we are till the sun does for it. We've got enough malaria in us already."

"Will it be long, Blake?" asked Winthrop.

"Huh? Getting hungry this quick? Wait till you've tramped around a week, with nothing to eat but your shoes."

"Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be so bad!" protested Miss Leslie.

"Sorry, Miss Jenny; but coconut palms don't blow over every day, and when those nuts are gone what are we going to do for the next meal?"

"Could we not make bows?" suggested Winthrop. "There seems to be no end of game about."

"Bows—and arrows without points! Neither of us could hit a barn door, anyway."

"We could practice."

"Sure—six weeks' training on air pudding. I can do better with a handful of stones."

"Then we should go at once to the cliffs," said Miss Leslie.

"Now you're talking—and it's Pike Peak or bust for ours. Here's one night to the good; but we won't last many more if we don't get fire. It's flint we're after now."

"Could we not make fire by rubbing sticks?" said Winthrop, recalling his suggestion of the previous morning. "I've heard that natives have no trouble."

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen 'em do it. Never could make a go of it myself, though."

"But if you remember how it is done we have at least some chance—"

"Give you ten to one odds! No; we'll scratch around for a flint good and plenty before we waste time that way."

"The mist is going," observed Miss Leslie.

"That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. Where's my club?"

"They're all left," said Winthrop, peering down. "I can see the ground clearly, and there is not a sign of the beasts."

"There are the bones—what's left of them," added Blake. "It's a small deer, I suppose. Well, here goes."

He threw down his club and dropped the loose end of the creeper after it. As the line straightened he twisted the upper part around his leg and was about to slide to the ground when he remembered Miss Leslie.

"Think you can make it alone?" he asked.

The girl held up her hands, sore and swollen from the lacerations of the thorns. Blake looked at them, frowned, and turned to Winthrop.

"Um! you got it, too, and in the face," he grunted. "How's your ankle?"

Winthrop wriggled his foot about and felt the injured ankle.

"I fancy it is much better," he answered. "There seems to be no swelling, and there is no pain now."

"That's lucky; though it will tune up later. Take a slide, now. We've got to hustle our breakfast and find a way to get over the river."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sounds Which Carry at Sea.

Examinations by naval experts in wireless telephony as to the sound which will carry the greatest distance at sea develops that a siren under 72 pounds of steam pressure will emit a blast which may be heard 40 miles. Next comes the steam whistle, the sound of which is carried 20 miles. Among the softest sounds which carry a considerable distance is the whistling buoy installed by the lighthouse board, which has frequently been heard a distance of 15 miles.

Old Heads on Young Shoulders.

Our children are growing more independent. It is not the fault of the parents nor of the children; we are not careless, and they are not ungrateful. The conditions of life are responsible for the modern "youth."—*Millen Zeitung, Vienna.*

CHAPTER VI.

Man and Gentleman.



NIGHT had almost passed, and all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrop, who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome.

Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growls directly beneath them.

"Lie still," he whispered. "We're all right. It's only a beast that killed something down below us."

All sat listening and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim.